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August 9, 1966

The closing of another college year prompted me to reread the many sections of my DIARY TO KELLY, all 640 pages of them. I just wanted to see once more just what I have been talking to you about in these seven years since I retired from active duty at Western.

In the main I feel like apologizing for so many repetitions; my only defense is that the regular round of the years brings suggestions for similar thinking, and I quite naturally fall into the groove of previous writing. Fortunately, no two years have been exactly alike, for the small college has grown into a big university, in enrollment, in the qualifications of the teachers, in the buildings, and in the general image of Western.

In these hours of reading that were necessary to go through the many pages of typing I have had a number of thoughts about the subject matter of the entries: the vast changes in Western, in education, in standardized living, in world-wide thinking. When I enrolled here, Theodore Roosevelt was rounding out his term as President, World War I was still six years away, four future states--New Mexico, Arizona, Alaska, and Hawaii--were still territories; and I was a mere nineteen years old! Some dozen men and women were regular members of the faculty. Probably not one student out of fifteen had graduated from a four-year high school. And we were not especially crowded in the building at the foot of the hill. It would have taken a rare type of prophet to guess what the next sixty years would bring. Even the plans that were worked out years later struck most people, even our own faculty, as idle dreaming. I am afraid that most people had never learned how to think big.

Maybe, in all these years that my typewriter and I have been talking to you, I have stressed too often what the school was, a rather quaint, slightly old-fashioned echo of the whole normal-school movement. But even a giant needs to think sometimes about himself when he was a smallish baby; hence my endless telling of other times and other thinking.